

1912

The Crimson and White

JUNIOR ISSUE

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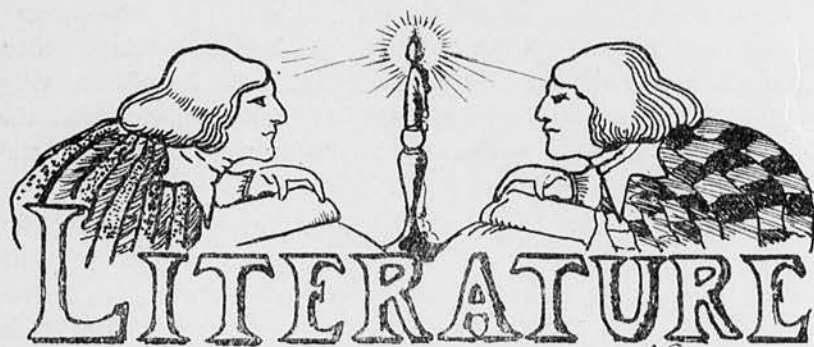
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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XIX

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 2



CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Jeanette Woods ran up the wide stairs of the school and threw herself on her bed. "I think it's just too mean that I have to stay in this dumpy old school with only two old teachers and a dog. But Rob never did have any better sense. Of all times in the world to get scarlet fever, the Christmas holiday is the worst," she sobbed. "And mother had such a wonderful time planned for vacation!" she added to herself.

Jeanette was the daughter of a western ranchman. Her father was very wealthy, and Jeanette and her brother, Rob, had always had everything they wanted. Rob had gone to one of the middle-western colleges that year, and Jeanette had come to a boarding school in the east as her father thought that she would receive a better education there.

Now here in the first vacation Rob was sick and Jeanette would have to stay in lonely school all during the holidays. Even at home she was never alone. Her mother was from the east and always had friends visiting her. Jeanette and Rob also had all their friends there for days or weeks at a time. Although the number of girls at school had helped to conquer her loneliness for home, she was just a little homesick and had been planning for a long time for the two weeks which she was now doomed to miss.

"Well, after all my packing, I may just as well start to unpack again," she told herself. "A fine time I'll have. Why, not one other girl is staying. Even all the teachers except Miss Jordon

and Miss Wade have gone home. I suppose I'll have to sit and twiddle my thumbs now for over two weeks. Not even a flake of snow!"

She started up as someone knocked at her door. She opened the door, and one of the maids confronted her. "Miss Jordon will see you in her office, miss," she said, and left. Jeanette hastily wiped away all traces of tears, smoothed her hair, slammed the door and walked slowly down stairs. She turned to the left and entered the principal's large sunny room.

"I'm sorry to hear about your brother, Jeanette," the latter started, "and I hope you won't feel too lonely staying here by yourself. Of course you know, dear, that all the privileges possible will be allowed you as you are not able to go home. Miss Wade and I will be here all vacation and if you want anything come to us for it. I think that's the luncheon gong now. You will eat with us."

Jeanette walked slowly along with Miss Jordon and turned into a small room. They sat down at a little table and soon Miss Wade joined them. "How unfortunate that your brother is ill," she said. "It **will** be lonesome here, won't it? Christmas without your family is not very merry, but I'm sure we'll all get along well together."

Luncheon was then served, and Jeanette thought it delicious. Miss Jordon and Miss Wade were very different than they were in school, and soon she felt quite cheered up. "Maybe it won't be so bad after all," she thought.

After luncheon she went upstairs to unpack again. Soon it began to snow hard, and before she had finished the grounds around the school were lightly covered with white. Before morning there would perhaps be enough snow for tobogganing or sleigh-riding. She dressed for dinner after unpacking.

At dinner Miss Wade was very interesting. She told Jeanette about her experiences in Alaska. Jeanette was astounded. She had never thought very much of this slim, quiet teacher; but now her opinion was changing. She suggested that they go to town the next day and see a play which was showing at the largest theatre there.

The days passed, and although they seemed long to Jeanette they did not seem tiresome. There was much to see and do that one would not think of ordinarily.

On Christmas day her presents arrived. There was a wonderful dress and a pair of slippers from her mother; a very pretty bracelet with silver charms, from her brother; money from her father, and several small things such as handkerchiefs, silk stockings and buckles from her cousins. But best of all was a beautiful skating set, with a wonderful pair of skating shoes included. In the package was a short note: "Dear Jeanette—They tell me that there is a great deal of skating in the east. I hope you will be able to enjoy these things. Grandfather."

Of course Jeanette had to try everything on to see if they fit her. Then she must try out the skates. The morning passed quickly and soon it was time for luncheon. After this she played around the grounds until dinner. When she went to bed she decided that although Christmas at home was nicer, still, vacation at school and the companionship of her teachers had given her a very pleasant, unusual Christmas.

ELLEN DOODY, '24.

—o—

THE NEW BURGLAR

It was quite dark in Park street. There was no light in any house. However, Dick Barton walked as rapidly as if it were broad daylight. If you had been following him you would have seen him enter a house on the same street, near 69th street.

"Hello, John!" he whispered to the man whom he met at the gate.

"'Lo, Dick. I think it's alright. Nobody has been around here for almost an hour. I was thinkin' what a cinch it was gonna be for us," said the mysterious John. "Gee, Dick, the door's locked. I bet they're out. Got the tools? Let's take 'em, quick!"

He worked at the lock of the great oak door, and in two minutes they had entered the hall. It was pitch dark there; they could scarcely grope their way to the foot of the stairs with the aid of their flashlight.

"Come on, now, John. Be quiet! Where did you say the room was?"

"First front."

"Fine! Come on!" And he led the way up the stairs.

"Lookit! This is the room. It's not locked. Got the flash-

light? Gee, look at the furniture, Dick! Where's dem jools? Lead me to 'em, kid!"

"Say, John, cut out the funny stuff and get busy."

"Alright; no harm was meant."

"The drawers are locked!"

"Swell! I've got the tools. What kind of burglar do you think I would be if I didn't expect locked drawers?"

"Cut out the talk. You make me nervous. Hurry up! Think I want to be caught here? Think again!"

"Now, look at dem pearls and emeralds! Drop 'em in the bag; quiet now! Nothin' else? Come on then! Thank the Lord we're through!"

"Can the chatter, will you?"

As they turned from the door to walk down the street, a strange voice suddenly said: "Well, if it isn't Dick Barton!"

Dick whirled around as if shot.

"Oh, er, good evening, Miss Holmes."

"What are you doing around here so late?"

"I was—just taking a stroll."

"I must go in. Good night." And she went up the steps of the house they had just left.

"That was one narrow escape!" said John

"You bet your life! Come on! I don't want any more such meetings. Don't forget where we're going to meet tomorrow night. Good-bye, John!"

"So long, Dick!"

Upon arriving home, Dick did not linger downstairs, although some of his friends were assembled in the drawing-room. He went directly to his room and locked the door. He sewed the jewels into the lining of his coat and hid it in his trunk. Then he went down and joined his friends as if nothing had happened.

The next night John and Dick again met—this time at a dance in a large private house. After taking off their topcoats in the drawing-room, they sauntered about until they saw that there was no one near the room where the ladies had deposited their wraps. Quickly entering the room, they glanced about in search of spoils, and gathered three rich-looking purses from various dressing-tables. These were the only articles which they could find. Leaving the room unobserved, with the purses in their pockets, they joined the guests and remained for the rest of the evening. At

the close of the dance they examined their booty and found that the purses together contained about seventy-five dollars.

The next night Dick himself gave a party. Many of his friends were there, among whom was John, who wore a rather guilty expression. Dick gathered the company together, and addressed them thus:

"Well, here I am, and here's John. We made you a bet last week that we could enter the houses of Peggy Holmes and Betty Dolecort and burglarize them without being caught. Well, here's the proof of our successful attempt. Now, you owe us each fifty dollars!"

LEONA E. KESSLER, '24.

—o—

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER

Once upon a time, many years ago, a little boy stood one day at the doorway of a chateau near Paris. He was about fourteen—a kitchen boy in the household of a rich count.

Suddenly, he felt a tap on his shoulder, and, turning around, said: "Why, is that you, Peter? What brings you to Paris?"

"I'm tired of looking after sheep, the stupid things! So I left home," answered the other. "I want to be a painter, and I've heard that there is a school here where I can learn how."

"How much money have you?" asked the scullery boy, Jacques.

"None," said Peter.

"Then you can't learn to be a painter. You had better come and work in the chateau with me. You will at least have food and shelter," said Jacques wisely.

"But I don't wish to be a kitchen boy," objected Peter. "If you have more than you need to eat you can take me as a boarder, and later when I'm a grown up artist, I'll repay you."

Jacques consented to do this. So the boys went to the attic room of Jacques, a very small room with only an old straw bed and some decrepit chairs. But the walls were neatly whitewashed, and, on seeing them, Peter had an idea.

"Since I have no paper or paints," said he, "I'll get some charcoal and practice drawing my pictures on the wall."

Soon the walls were completely covered with all kinds of pic-

tures. Then one day, Peter earned some money and at once bought paper and paints. During the day he would wander through the city looking for things to draw. At night he returned to sleep in the little room. He lived in the chateau for nearly three years, but no one except the servants knew of the "boarder" in the little attic room.

One day the count decided to make over his home, so, with an architect, he started to investigate nooks and corners. As luck would have it, he stumbled right into the little room of Jacques.

"What have we here?" cried the count. "Is there an artist among us? Call that kitchen boy!"

Jacques came, and when he saw the count examining the drawings his heart sank.

"Jacques," said the count, "you are no longer a kitchen boy."

"Don't send me away," implored the boy. "I have no place to go, and Peter will starve, and he does want so much to be a painter!"

"Who is Peter?" demanded the count.

"He drew all the pictures on the walls. He boards with me, and he will die if he can't be an artist."

"Where is he now?" the count asked.

"Wandering around the streets looking for something to draw; but he will soon be back."

"When he returns, send him to me," said the count. "Such genius should not live in a garret."

The count sent Peter to the finest masters of Europe, and Jacques also was given a good education.

Fifty years later two men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses of Paris. One of them was called Peter, of Cortona, and he was said to be the greatest painter of all time. The other was Jacques, the boy who took a boarder.

LOIS McNEILLIE, '24.

Hush, little vampire,
Don't you cry!
You'll get his frat pin
Bye and bye.

THE KING AND I

The king sits on a golden throne,
Within a hall of marble stone
That's hung with velvet, rich and fine;
From silver cup he drinks his wine.

His courtiers grant his each command
At every motion of his hand;
His subjects sing for his delight—
He is monarch, King of Might!

My throne is just a mossy rock,
And o'er my head's a merry flock
Of gay bluebirds on merry wing,
To me a happy song they sing.

I have no velvet hangings fine;
Nor do I have sweet, crimson wine;
But I can drink the water clear
From silver streams a-flowing near.

The hangings in my castle bright
Fill my heart with true delight,
They're autumn leaves of gold and red,
On tall oak trees 'way overhead.

The king has riches, wealth untold,
And though his throne is purest gold,
To me, his castle, all so fine,
Is not so nearly nice as mine.

FRANCES STORRS, '24.

WHERE ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

It was a raw, screeching, Alaskan wind that whirled past the windows, and made the smoky oil lamps of the Nugget Cafe flicker when a newcomer let in a breath of the night air. By the faltering light I saw him glance over the assemblage swiftly, and I felt his eyes cut me through like a shiver of ice as they passed over my face.

Taking off his mittens as he walked, he crossed to the bar. The leather leggings, the long fur coat, the felt hat—yes, he was a Royal Northwestern Mounted man. Again, as his glance rested on me, I cowered like a wolf pup in a trap; and unconsciously my hand crept toward the butt of my gun.

My companion, who was opposite me at the same little, round wooden table, looked as white as the snow outside when I turned to him. His hand shook as it held the whiskey glass, and his eyes were riveted on the man at the bar.

“God, who is that man?” he murmured. “That face—I have seen it somewhere!”

“He’s just one of these iron-clad dreadnoughts, Gene, that have been drifting around here lately,” I answered.

This was the seventh month I had known Gene Ruffloeq, and he was my staunchest and truest friend. Together we had fought our way to gold and again to a crowded counter at the Post Exchange to pay a dollar apiece for eggs and laugh at the price and come back for more the next day. He had been an officer, serving in the Indian wars under General Patterson. Gene bore the marks of a typical gunman. He carried a heavy Colt without a trigger. When he shot, he let the hammer slip from under his thumb, and he could put all six shots that the gun held through the ace of spades at twenty-five yards.

The man at the bar was drinking and talking with another man who had just come in. Gene leaned over the table, and his eyes were frozen on the stranger.

“That man is McGraw of the Mounted,” he rapped out, “and the other is his brother, the one about whom we have that little ditty:

‘Quicker’n lightnin’ on the draw,

Even quicker’n Kid McGraw.’”

As Gene said this, the man at the bar set his glass down and turned. He rested his elbows on the counter, hooked his heel over

the brass footrail, and lounged back comfortably. His brother also turned and stood beside him.

Gene swore under his breath when I wanted to know where he had known this man. His hand moved toward his gun with a slow, steady movement. He jerked the gun above the table, the two lamps crashed out, and I grabbed for my gun. Gene fired twice, and two shots answered from the bar. Somebody struck a light. I saw a man lying on his face. McGraw staggered back against the bar, his feet shot from under him, and he measured his length on the floor by his brother.

"Gene!" I called.

From under the table he reached out and clutched my leg. I leaned over and helped him to a chair.

"I'm hard hit," he said, "but I got my man. I've trailed—them for years. McGraw shot — my wife, and his brother, Kid, swore falsely at the trial to — cover — him."

Ten minutes later he died with my hand in his, still my staunchest friend.

WILBUR VAN ALSTYNE, '24.

—o—

THE PERILS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BURGLAR

The old-fashioned burglar pried open the window and cast the gleam of his old-fashioned lantern about the room. It was his first job after twenty-five years up the river. He noticed the object of his search and began to rub his fingers. The sensitiveness was still there as he grasped the dial of the safe and began to twirl it. Strangely enough the door did not open. Again he flashed the light of his old-fashioned lantern on the object. Alas! It was a new kind of safe. There were two dials instead of one. The old-fashioned burglar grasped the other dial and slowly turned it. There suddenly appeared a dull glow of light—a burglar alarm! He was trapped!

There was a voice in the silence. "Who's there?" gasped the old-fashioned burglar.

"WGY, Schenectady, New York," replied the voice. "Uncle Wiggly's Bedtime Story by——"

Poor old-fashioned burglar!

MARGARET RAPPE, '24.

Tales For Little Freshmen— 0 —
THE WHITE EGG

“Well, well!” said Dame Henny-Penny. “I really cannot wait for this chicken any longer. If he doesn’t choose to come out, he must stay in, that’s all. You are all tired of waitin’, ain’t you, my dears?”

“Peep! Peep! Yes! We are all tired of waitin’!” said all the infant chicks.

There were nine of them, and some of them had been out of their shells for more than an hour; and their mother had promised to take them over to the barnyard as soon as they were all out. But one white egg was still unbroken, and it lay motionless in the nest; no picking or scratching was heard inside; no crack appeared in the smooth shell. What could be the matter? Dame Henny-Penny turned the egg over and over with her beak.

“I don’t approve of helping chickens out, as a rule,” she said. “They are always lazy if one does, and don’t work for themselves, but there must be something the matter with this one.”

She gave a sharp peck at the egg, adding, “I have heard of a chicken being born with only one leg, but I have never heard of one born without a beak to peck his shell with.”

She eyed the egg anxiously and pecked vigorously at it, but her pecks, although they were very sharp, did not mark or crack the smooth white surface; and no baby peck came from within.

“I’ll give him five minutes more,” said the lady, “and if he isn’t out by that time we must go on without him. Perhaps,” she added, in a louder voice for the benefit of the lazy chick, “the old gander may come along and finish him. He’d better come now!”

Then all the nine little chicks ran up to the egg and peeped, “Mother says you’d better come out!”

At the end of five minutes the old hen marched off with her family, and left the bad chick to the mercy of the gander, but later when she returned and found it whole, she became very frightened.

“I fear the dear child must be dead!” she said. “Indeed, the shell is so hard that I cannot break it, so how can I expect a young infant to do it? My family, your little brother or sister must be dead. Let us weep for him!”

So the nine little chicks took their pocket hankies out of their little coat-tail pockets, and wept for their little lost relative. And the nest-egg lay there and took no notice of them, nor would it trouble to inform the anxious group outside that there was no chicken inside the shell. This was because the strange white egg was made of china.

DOROTHY PATTON, '24.

o

TROUBLES

It was frizzy and cold last night;
I pulled the clothes up tight
And burrowed out of sight.

One thing—I couldn't hide it,
No matter how I tried it,
For Jack Frost came and spied it—
My nose!

MISS EUNICE RICE.

o

ROUND

The jolliest things I've found
At Christmas are always round.
There's the drum, top and ball,
And the round tree tall;
The wreath that hangs in the window there,
And the bell that swings high up in the air;
The pudding with holly—all plummy,
And even Santa Claus' tummy.

MISS EUNICE RICE.

o

We are afraid that the Freshmen may not understand the funny little symbols on their reports. Here is the interpretation:

A—Awful	C—Correct
B—Better	F—Fine

There! Won't mother be pleased with all those F's!

REVISED NURSERY RHYMES

—o—

Twinkle, twinkle, little sock,
 With your perforated clock,
 Up above the skirts so high—
 You're a magnet for the eye!

—o—

Mary had a little lamb;
 Her father killed it dead.
 And now she carries it to school
 Between two hunks of bread.

—o—

Chinese Version of Excelsior

That nightee time, he come chop-chop,
 Young man walkee, no can stop;
 Muchee snow, muchee ice;
 He cally flag with chop so nice,
 Top-side gallow!

—o—

Don't throw your kitten down the well,
 Nor yet your little brother;
 It is not good for him—besides
 I'm sure 'twould vex your mother.

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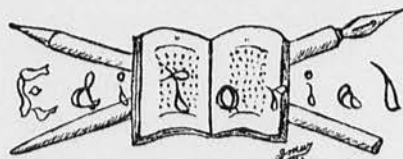
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CHRISTMAS

Christmas, last of all the holidays in the year, holds first place in the hearts of all. And this is as it should be, for it represents the greatest event in history, and that is why it is the most widely celebrated festival in all the world.

It is not at all certain that the twenty-fifth of December is the actual date of the birth of our Lord. There is no historical record of the day, but historians have decided that it must have been about the time of the winter solstice—that is, when the days are the shortest and the sun is the farthest away from the earth.

Northern people have a festival at Christmas time in honor of the god Thor, called Yule. The yule log dates back to the time of the Saxons and Goths, who burned such a log at their festival of the winter solstice. On Christmas eve in old English homes the yule log, sometimes the root of a tree, was brought into the home with great ceremony and lighted with a bit of tinder carefully saved from the fire of the preceding year. Even the cottages had their yule logs, by whose cheerful blaze the whole room was lighted. The log was supposed to burn all night, and if it went out it was an omen of ill luck. The yule log is still burned in many parts of Northern England, where the ancient superstitions concerning Christmas are still heeded.

In France, in medieval times, the nobles and owners of chateaux kept open house at this season of the year; and they bountifully feasted the peasantry and any strangers who came to them at Christmas tide.

Old Santa Claus, without whom no Christmas could be complete, is a subject of tradition running back hundreds of years. The idea of his visit on Christmas eve originated in Europe. He first appeared in the Northland as a grim figure, riding upon a white horse. In Germany he was seen as a tall, thin fellow wearing a peaked hat; his deep pockets were full of sugar plums for the children. It was not until he came over the seas to America, however, that he became the fat, round, beaming elf who was made immortal by "The Night Before Christmas." Santa's chief mission today is to fill the stockings which await his coming at the fireplace, this being a very old custom.

The custom of giving gifts at Christmas time arose from the fact that Christ was the great gift of God to the world. If one can do no more, he can at least give Christmas greetings to his friends—a pleasant custom which is found in every civilized country.

There are many different customs and ways of celebrating Christmas in the various countries of the world, but in all there is the same Christmas spirit.

GERTRUDE KNAUF, '24.

There is nothing so harmful to a school as lack of school spirit among its pupils. If you take no interest in the affairs of your school and devote as little time as possible to thoughts of school, merely considering it as a place in which to study, you overlook

one of the chief values of high school life and prevent your school from developing its social side as it should. Don't walk into school in the morning and leave it, as the last bell rings, with the thought: "There! That's over for the day!" Try to see how much enjoyment you can get out of it and can give to other people. Keep up your school spirit! Support the school activities. Join in the dances and games even if you do not dance well, or don't understand basketball. If you have ideas for other kinds of school activities which you think the students would enjoy, or any suggestions to benefit the school, propose them to the Student Council. Above all, don't have it said of you that you are not interested in the affairs of Milne.

Keep up your school spirit!

MARY WALSH, '24.

BETTER SPEECH WEEK REFORMS

During "Better Speech Week," celebrated November 13-17, we took our correct English "out of mothballs." We brushed it up carefully, and it will be allowed to stay out as long as the shine of its brushing remains. For we Americans, particularly the younger generation, are very much inclined to forget we speak English, and we use slang in our daily conversation.

Slang is the most potent evil which "Better Speech Week" sets out to reform. If it were not for slang, "Better Speech Week," our yearly "brushing up," would not be necessary, perhaps. Though there are a great many other things to be emphasized in this week, such as audibility, correctness and forcefulness of speech, poor posture when reciting and a poor pronunciation of words.

In the Better Speech Week Campaign conducted in Milne High school, it seems to me that great improvement was shown in all points mentioned. On Monday, for instance, an entire class period was devoted to discussing slang, poor grammar, words used in the wrong place, etc. Also, the posters made by all the English classes fostered the development of some very clever ideas. This campaign was, I think, a decided success, and it is to be hoped that the gains made in this week will not be forgotten during the year.

HELEN MANSION, '24.

The girls of Milne High have a new hobby—hockey! This gentle sport, with its chance for so many nice knocks, has been played with enthusiasm by two successive Tuesday gym classes, and the girls are shouting for more. Under the direction of Miss Emily Belding, our gymnasium teacher, we are learning the fine points of the game. We don't know at what rate we are progressing in ability, but we have discovered several players of hitherto unappreciated talent in the line of whacking the ball, and incidentally their neighbors on the field.

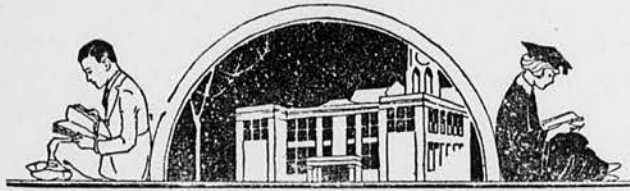
This game is of great benefit to all, a fact proved by the activeness and alertness (and slight black-and-blueness) of the players the day after practice. It is also a fine way to reduce one's ankles—by having pieces of them chipped off by the sticks of other players. But we are joyfully indulging in the tomboyishness which we are supposed to have outgrown by this time; and we enumerate with pride our black-and-blue marks and tell how many opponents we have knocked down and fallen over. We will really be sorry when the snow comes, as it will mean an end to this delightful sport which most of us have just discovered for ourselves.

ALICE BLANCHARD, '24.



I wrote a little poem once
 About a poplar tree,
 I mentioned that the shapely limbs
 Were beautiful to see.
 I sent it to an editor—
 It was returned to me.

I wrote another bit of verse,
 Of limbs as fair to see;
 This time I did not specify
 That they were on a tree.
 I sent it to an editor—
 And five bucks came to me.



SCHOOL NOTES

There are several things to be recorded in the school notes of this number. Among the first is the School Reception, held on November 8th, in the State College gym. Although this dance last year was held rather late in the year, the original plan which we have carried out this year was to have it at the beginning of the year to help the students to become better acquainted with each other. Since this was the purpose of the dance we were very glad to see so many Freshmen attending, and we sincerely hope that they enjoyed themselves. Altogether there were over forty couples present, a fine number considering the small size of Milne High. Miss Cushing and Miss Rice chaperoned the affair. The gymnasium was decorated very artistically (so the decoration committee thought, anyway), in crimson and white; the colors were twined about the balustrades of the stairway and the pillars and hung from the electric lights. (The smallest member of the decoration committee even decorated the front of the piano very elegantly with a large bow of the colors, and was quite broken-hearted when the pianist concealed it by placing his music over it.) To add to the general excitement, there was a great deal of confetti and serpentes to be thrown, and it made the dancers look as if there was a colored snowstorm going on. The dance lasted from eight till twelve; and, if it weren't such a trite remark, we would say: "A good time was had by all."

The first issue of the *Crimson and White* came out rather late, but everyone was proud of it.

Friday, November 24th, the Student Council took charge of the chapel period. The budget and the program for the year were read to the school.

The most interesting chapel period experienced by Milneites so far this year was the dramatization of a few scenes from "David Copperfield." There were three different scenes, with different sets of characters, so that almost everyone's mental picture of "David" could be satisfied. The different "Davids" were Clifford

Wansboro, Ellsworth Kirtland, and William McDonough. In the first scene Lenore Hutchinson played "Peggotty's" part very well, and Sterling Ferguson gave us a fine idea of smiling, hearty Mr. Peggotty. The other members of the "Peggotty" family played their parts extremely well, also. In the second scene Alice Reno took the role of David's gentle, dainty mother very well, and we all quailed at the severity of stern Mr. Murdstone, as played by Hugh McKeon. Peggy Mann depicted Miss Murdstone unusually well. With her bobbing black curls and her hands primly folded, her haughty walk, her withering glance, and her cold and caustic tones, she interpreted this difficult part very well. "The Micawbers" were also extremely well played by Alice Hipwell and Wilbur Van Alstyne, Mrs. Micawber's expression being quite heart-rending when she asserted that "she never, never would desert Wilkins Micawber." The other actors were also very fine. It certainly was an enjoyable chapel period and we hope to have more like it.

The Dramatic club held its organization meeting November 27th. A great many people showed their interest in this new activity by attending the meeting, and we hope that those who have not joined already will do so. The plan of the club is to discuss plays and other entertainments which are suitable for presentation in chapel, and to present them. The members will bring to the attention of the club plays which they think would be suitable to give, and thus everyone in the society will help to make it a success.

The following officers were elected: Chairman, Dorothy H. Robinson; secretary-treasurer, Ellsworth Beeman; reporter, Dorothea A. George.

Our "presents" were given to us in the form of report-cards the day we left for our most welcome Thanksgiving vacation.

—o—

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

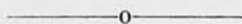
The Student Council of Milne High has begun its second year, and we hope to surpass the record of last year.

The most important activity so far this year has been the student reception held on the evening of November 4th in the college gymnasium. A large gathering of students was present, and everyone seemed to have a very good time.

The council has undertaken two new projects. One is the orchestra under Professor Candlyn's supervision, and the other—an entirely new project—is the formation of a dramatic club, with Miss Rice and Miss Hengge in charge. The club is to present, from time to time, a short one-act play during the regular chapel period.

Students, watch carefully the bulletin board for the schedule of games and other activities. Show your school spirit by attending them and help the teams to victory.

G. M., '23.



ALUMNI NOTES

Margaret Kirtland, '18, who graduated from State College last year, is now teaching at Mineola, L. I.

Carol Traver, '18, a graduate of State College, is teaching at Rhinebeck.

Emma Mulholland, ex-'23, has finished the course at the Mildred Elley Business school.

Muriel Daggett, '20, is a junior at State College.

Eleanor de Acosta, ex-'23, is taking a course in English literature at the Academy of Holy Names.

We read recently of the marriage of Carolyn Rogers, '20.

Another Milnite attending the Academy of Holy Names is Elizabeth Vail, ex-'24.

Alida Ballagh, '16, has married Frank McClure, of this city.



As he told it—"So I said to her after she had coaxed for about an hour: 'Now, see here, Mil, if I give you my frat pin, it's going to be a little tough on the other girls, you know; it'll make 'em sorta jealous, but since your heart is set on it, etc.'"

As she told it—"Then I said to him: 'Well, if you insist, I guess I'll have to take it, but I have refused so many others, etc.'"

As it really happened—"My frat pin! Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's awfully pretty."

"Will you, er —?"

"Oh, say —!"

"Alright!"



ZETA SIGMA

As soon as school opened, Sigma began its meetings with the following officers presiding:

President, Dorothea George.
 Vice president, Margaret Rappe.
 Secretary, Ermine Mulholland.
 Corresponding secretary, Dorothy Robinson.
 Treasurer, Elizabeth Friend.
 Mistress of ceremonies, Mary Glynn.
 Marshal, Helen Hamburger.
 Critic, Anna Frider.
 Pianist, Gladys Rowe.

As soon as we were organized, we discovered that our finances were quite low; but soon we realized that wisely had we chosen our treasurer, for she is one of the "go-getters," and now every girl has paid all her back dues. The first business we undertook was the initiation of upper classmen, a very successful affair. We commanded each girl to bring to the initiation her bathing suit and several fat, juicy angleworms, and each girl proved that she was a good sport and worthy to become a Sigma member by complying with the direction. Over the initiation itself we will draw a veil—. But they all came through it and are proving good members of Sigma.

We are now planning for the Freshman rush, to be held around Christmas time. It will be a grand and glorious affair if it turns out the way we are planning it, and we are sure that the Freshman girls will enjoy it as "something different."

D. A. G., '23.

There was a young maid of Detroit,
 Who at driving her car was adroit;
 But her speed was too great,
 And her turn came too late—
 And so the young lady was hoit.



ADELPHOI

The meetings of Adelphoi have been rather brief, and not much has been done yet. A better attendance and co-operation on the part of the members would make our meetings more successful.

As yet, we have taken in no new members, but soon we expect to have some very original and novel initiations.

Many suggestions have been offered for the year 1922-23. Among these are bi-weekly informal debates, lantern slides, a one-act play, a sleighride, a theatre party and other events, followed by the usual Adelphoi banquet in June.

The officers for this year are:

President.....	Dewitt Zeh
Secretary.....	John Shay
Treasurer.....	Werner Liebich
Sergeant-at-arms.....	John Comstock

D. Z., '23.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On October 27th, Quin gave a Hallowe'en rush party for Freshmen girls, which was held in the gymnasium. All enjoyed the games and dancing which took place. Refreshments were served later.

Several weeks ago we had initiations and the following girls pledged their allegiance to Quin: Frances Storrs, Betty Van Allen, Mary Young and Doris Clark. Refreshments were served after the initiations.

Quin gave an interesting program on December 20th, for the Faculty, Alumni and Freshmen girls. The program of musical numbers and short sketches was given by Quin girls.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

V. B., '25.



BASKETBALL

Milne High basketball team opened its season in good form by defeating the Cathedral Academy on its own court. It was an uphill fight for Milne throughout the game. The Cathedral five took the lead at the tip-off and at the end of the first half had a nine-point lead. Milne came back with a fight and rallied in the last period, scoring eighteen points to the Cathedral's four. This gave Milne the game by a score of 26 to 20.

A few days later Milne went to Lansingburgh and met with defeat. However, we have good prospects of winning the coming game with the Christian Brothers' Academy and other future games.

L. U., '24.

THE "POINT SYSTEM"

Ah, crool fate! (Fate always gets the blame—whether she needs it or not.) Our girls are unable to play any outside teams this year. Therefore, another plan has been devised. A "point system" somewhat like the one used in college went into effect on December 8th. Points are given for basketball practice, baseball practice, participation in all interclass games, and for places in the track meet. Every sophomore and upper classman obtaining a specified number of points will receive a letter. The upper classman having the highest number of points will have some special recognition—just what it will be has not yet been determined. Girls! All out! This means your letter!

E. C. F., '23.

One of our subscribers left school last week and another moved away. If the other one doesn't pay up his subscription before long, we will either have to suspend publication or go to work.



CRITICISMS

“ 'Tis with our judgments as our watches;
None go just alike, yet each believes his own”

—Pope.

Wapperian, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

The exchange editors extend a cordial welcome to a new school paper, the **Wapperian**, and wish it great success. The first issue promises well. The literary department contains several very interesting stories. The joke department is also well developed. The advertising agents show real school spirit in obtaining so many ads for the first issue. We hope that the exchange department is enlarged in the next issue.

The Witan, Charlotte High School, Rochester, N. Y.

We do not wish to appear too critical, but we have several suggestions to make for improving your school paper. In the first place, we would suggest a few cuts at the heads of the departments. In the second place, is it not the duty of an exchange department to criticize? In the third place, are you such a sophisticated school that you can only laugh for one page? Everyone enjoys good, snappy jokes. Nevertheless, you show good school spirit in general, and you have literary talent worthy of special mention.

The Cue, Albany Boys' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

The November issue of **The Cue** is so well written that it is hard for us to criticize it. The paper is up to its usual fine standard

in all departments. We would like to know why you don't obtain some original jokes instead of taking them all from exchanges. You are so superior in all other departments that we feel sure you could be equally high in the joke department. May we ask you the favor of criticizing us in your exchange department?

Bulletin Board, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

We are glad to have you with us again this year. We would suggest that you put some cuts at the heads of your departments. Longer and more numerous stories, poems or articles would help to increase the size of your paper. Your ads are good for such a small paper.

The Eye Opener, Wellington High School, Wellington, Ill.

We are pleased to add another paper to our growing list of exchanges. On the whole, your paper is good and full of news, but we have a few adverse criticisms to offer. Why do you not add an exchange department to your other departments? We other schools would like to know your opinion of our papers. You have an exchange editor on your board. What does he do to fulfill his position? Your alumni and school notes departments are rather sketchy in comparison with your long articles and stories. You will always be welcome, and we hope you will come again.

The Oracle, Gloversville, N. Y.

Your first issue is a cleverly written one. The editorials and also the literary department were especially pleasing. A strong beginning has been made in the athletic line. Keep it up. The advertising shows a vigorous business management and a liberal support on the part of the local merchants. We are glad to hear that another school has started the student council plan. Good luck to you. "If everyone would help turn the grindstone, there would be —— more grinds."

The Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

Your October issue is a worthwhile magazine. It is adroitly written and well illustrated. If the editorials express the policies and views of the school, one may well be proud to be a B. C. H. S. student. Your exchange department is improving. We are interested in the news of the Aquatic team and the Girls' Life Saving team. May they add fresh laurels to the fame of B. C. H. S.

Volcano, Hornell, N. Y.

We got so tired reading about athletics that Miss McLaughlin's article was an oasis in a desert of sports. The joke department was amusing, and the article from an old Tarrytown News Daily was an interesting bit of history.

The Round-Up, North Platte, Neb.

The Round-Up is a well arranged and well written paper. Don't you think the exchange department might criticize more, instead of quoting extracts or merely mentioning the names of other school papers? We think the cuts on the front page add greatly to your publications.

The Scarlet Tanager, Chatham, N. Y.

This is a very fair magazine, although several of its departments could stand improvement, and "Oh! where and oh! where have your advertisements gone!"

The High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The October issue is a very entertaining paper, although the editorials might have shown more originality. The senior notes are cleverly written, and the literature department is especially pleasing.

High School Review, Lowell, Mass.

We enjoyed your October paper very much, especially "The Private Notes of a Freshman." The cuts were original and well thought out and enhanced your departments greatly. "Society" is an interesting department for those who are not yet alumnae, and the few poems you had added greatly to your magazine. The athletic department seems to be the largest and best arranged one of this issue.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Crimson and White: The senior issue is extremely well written. Your jokes for the most part original, are very clever. Although not lengthy, the stories are numerous. Your cuts are fine, though we think a larger number would improve your paper. The School Paper's Race is a worthy incentive for the advancement of the high school publications listed there. **Oracle, Rensselaer, N. Y.**



L. U., '24—"Gee, my clothes are getting all eaten up in that cupboard."

"Junior" McKeon—"Didn't you put any moth balls in there?"

Larry—"Yeh, but they didn't eat a one of them."

—0—

She—"What were you doing after the accident?"

He—"Seraping up an acquaintanee."

—0—

De Witt Z., '23—"Did you know the human body contained 40 per cent water, and the amount of sulphur varies?"

"Sis," '23—"Oh, is that why some girls make better matches than others?"

—0—

"On the bridge at midnight," hummed the night-flying mosquito as he lit on the false teeth.

—0—

A. M., '23—"Her eyes are so sweet."

H. J., '23—"Yes, she has granulated lids."

—0—

Some girls are homeless, but some are home less than others.

—0—

Wm. McD., '24—"You're surely a good dancer."

F. S., '24—"Thank you, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

Billy—"You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

—0—

S. F., '25—"Passed by your house last night."

D. G., '23 (bored)—"Thanks!"

Miss Parsons (in biology)—“Now does everyone understand the economic importance of roots as medicines?”

Little Frosh—“Teacher, say, is there any licorice in Castoria?”

Mac—“What have you been doing all summer?”

Harry—“I had a posiiton in my father’s office. And you?”

Mac—“I wasn’t working, either.”

Norma Jones—“My aunt goes to every dance that I do.”

Dix Colbert—“Ah, a dansant.”

Salesman—“Pardon me, sir, I have an attachment for your typewriter.”

Manager—“Well, don’t bother her during working hours.”

Elovements are certainly becoming the rage. Just this morning we read of a horse running away with a young widow.

Sign in bakery—“Please do not handle the bread as it is not sanitary.”

Miss Rice—“Mr. Colbert, did you ever hear of a sentence without a verb?”

R. C., '24—“Yes; thirty days.”

Old lady (talking to ship’s cook)—“Are you the mate?”

Pat—“No, begorra; I’m the man what cooks the mate.”

J. W., '24 (in hotel)—“Say, clerk, this towel is dirty!”

Clerk (indignantly)—“Almost sixty people have used that towel, sir, and you are the first to complain!”

J. R., '24—“A man I know is so cross-eyed that when he cries the tears roll down his back.”

An apple a day keeps the doctor away—if you’re a good shot.

Professor—“Is prussic acid deadly?”

Student—“Yes, sir, if you put a little on your tongue it will kill a dog.”

He—"A kiss is the language of love."

She—"Well why don't you say something?"

————— 0 —————

Miss Johnson—"Is that a free translation?"

W. L., '24—"No ma'am. It cost me 50c."

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